

READY REFERENCE GUIDE.

OF

Clarksburg Banks, Professional and Representative Firms.



AGENTS AND BROKERS.

C. W. LEGGETT & COMPANY,
Rookery Bldg., South Third Street.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

JOHN BASSEL,
S. Third St., Merchants Bank Bldg.

F. G. VIGER,
Office:— 330 1/2 West Pike Street.

R. S. DOUGLASS,
24 Lowndes Bldg., S. Third Street.

HARVEY F. SMITH,
Rooms 7 and 8, Harmer-lynn Block.

BANKS.

THE TRADERS NATIONAL BANK,
Capital, \$200,000.

W. Brent Maxwell, Pres.; P. M. Robinson, Vice Pres.; S. H. Waite, Cashier.

THE EMPIRE NATIONAL BANK,
Capital, \$250,000.

V. L. Highland, President.
E. B. Deason, Cashier.

PEOPLES BANKING & TRUST CO.
Depository of the State of W. Va.
Capital and Surplus, \$120,000.

J. Koblegard, Pres. H. Jarvis, Cash.

SAVINGS BANKS.

R. T. LOWNDES SAVINGS BANK,
George L. Duncan, Cashier.

SAVINGS AND LOAN BANKS.

CLARKSBURG SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION,
109 South Third Street.

John Koblegard, President.
James T. Drury, Secretary.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

THE JAMES SHEPHERD CO.,
The Waldo, Fourth Street Entrance.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

OSBORN'S,
The Waldo, 338 West Pike St.

BRICKLAYERS.

C. F. ALLEN,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

BREWERS.

THE WIEDEMANN BREWING CO.,
305 North Oak Street.

THE FINLAY BREWING CO.,
521 Clark Street.

THE REYMANN BREWING CO.

of Wheeling, W. Va.
Branch office, 423 North Fourth St.

BREWERS—THAT'S THE BEER.

L. HOSLER,
426 North Fourth Street.

BROKERS.

D. S. GUTHERIE,
Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions,
Home phone 296, Room 55 Jacobs building.

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKERS

D. H. FELTNER,
315 Hewes Street, Clarksburg.

BARBERS AND BARBERS SUPPLIES

FRANK J. WELCH,
Hotel Waldo and Third Street.

BARBERS.

THE TRADERS,
N. W. Ogden, Prop., 225 Main St.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

ELLIOT & WINCHELL,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

SMITH BROTHERS,
Of Clarksburg, W. Va.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOLS

THE ELLIOTT COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,
G. C. Finlay, Manager,
Lowndes Building, Third Street.

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS.

THE BLOOMER CANDY COMPANY,
418 North Fourth Street.

CONFECTIONERS.

J. T. SWAGER,
Wholesale and Retail, 328 Pike St.

COAL.

HAROLD COAL & COKE CO.,
324-326 Oak Hall Bldg., W. Main St.

DENTISTS.

NEW YORK DENTISTS,
Dr. Hill, Manager,
Leggett Building, Third Street.

GLASSWARE.

Choice Cut Glass and Art Ware, get at it
C. P. STOUTS,
311 Pike Street, Clarksburg.

MANUFACTURERS OF CLAY SPECIALTIES.

THE A. RADFORD POTTERY CO.,
Industrial Addition.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS AND ELECTRIC SIGNS.

SWAIN & RANDOLPH,
134 West Main Street.

DRUGGISTS.

WELLS & HAYMAKER,
City Drug Store,
316 W. Main St.

GLEN ELK DRUG COMPANY,
Corner Clark and Fifth Streets.

DRY GOODS.

PARSONS-SCUDERS COMPANY,
Jacobs Building, Main Street.

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEERS.

DUDLEY D. BRITT,
Rooms 5 and 6, Traders Building.

FLOUR DEALERS.

THE STANDARD MILLING CO.,
332 Clark Street, corner North Sixth.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS FRUITS AND CANDIES

PARMAKIS & GREAVAS,
330 West Pike Street.

FURNITURE.

THE PALACE FURNITURE CO.,
219 West Main Street.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

THE BON TON,
342-344 Main Street.

MEN'S FURNISHERS & OUTFITTERS

NUSBAUM,
134-136 South Third Street.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

HONOR-GAYLORD CO.,
East End.

RETAIL GROCERS.

MARTIN BROTHERS,
401 West Main Street.

WHOLESALE GRAIN DEALERS.

THE OHIO WESTERN GRAIN CO.,
4 and 5 Fordyce Bldg.

DEALERS IN GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS.

E. W. WELLS,
325 West Pike St.

FIRST CLASS HOTELS.

THE TRADERS,
Col. T. B. Seely, Prop.,
South Third Street, Clarksburg.

INSURANCE AND STOCK POLICIES

WEST VIRGINIA CASUALTY CO.,
A. B. Cole, Secy and Mgr.,
Fordyce Building, Pike Street.

DEALERS IN ARTISTIC JEWELRY AND DIAMONDS.

J. F. KROHME,
114 South Third Street, Clarksburg.

MAIL ORDER DEALERS IN LIQUORS AND WINES.

E. W. DAVIS,
415 Baltimore Street.

LIQUORS.

FAMILY LIQUOR STORE,
M. Frost, Prop., 100 N. Third St.

LIVERY AND FEED BARN.

ORIE MYERS,
220 Hewes Street, Phone 439.

LIVERY AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GRAIN DEALERS.

JAMES E. WILLIAMS,
325 South Second St.

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL.

THE COLLINS COMPANY,
410-414 North Fifth Street.

LAUNDRIES.

CITIZENS' STEAM LAUNDRY,
106 West Pike Street.

ARTISTIC AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN MILLINERY

M. E. BLACK,
Traders Building, 220 W. Main St.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MEAT DEALERS.

THE CENTRAL MEAT MARKET,
John P. Gandy, Prop., 318 W. Main St.

STORAGE AND TRANSFERING MERCHANDISE.

CLARKSBURG TRANSFER CO.,
407 West Main St.

MANUFACTURERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

STAR RIG REEL & SUPPLY CO.,
East End.

NOTIONS, LADIES' FURNISHINGS

THE RACKET STORE,
112 South Third Street.

OILS.

OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY,
316 Hewes Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

J. S. HENDERSON,
Studio Room 18, Traders Annex.

PENNY PHOTOS—HUFFMAN STUDIO

Room 78, Jacobs Bldg., Main St.

PRESSING AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE CITIZENS' PRESSING CO.,
359 West Main Street.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

THOMPSON MUSIC STORE,
305 North Fourth St.

PLUMBERS.

THE EUREKA PLUMBING COMPANY,
438 West Pike Street.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.

LATE & McCUNE,
156 West Main Street.

JOBBERS—FRUITS AND PRODUCE

W. J. MAHER & CO.,
210-214 North Third Street.

SLATE AND TIN ROOFERS.

CLAIR P. SUTTER,
407 N. Fourth St., Glen Elk.

RESTAURANTS.

SMITH'S BLUE FRONT CAFE,
129 South Fourth Street.

RESTAURANTS—LUNCH COUNTERS

THE IMPERIAL,
Patsy's Lunch Cafe,
346 West Main Street, Clarksburg.

STORAGE, MOVING AND VANS.

MOUNTAIN STATE TRANSFER CO.,
227 East Pike Street,
Home Phone 229.

SPECIALIST EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

DR. HARDMAN,
118 South Third Street.

TAILORS AND DEALERS IN MISFIT GARMENTS.

J. BLOCH,
520 West Main Street.

TOBACCO STOGIE MANUFACTURING

CLARKSBURG STOGIE COMPANY,
No. 29, District of West Virginia.

UNDERTAKERS.

THE BOGGS UNDERTAKING CO.,
139 West Main Street.

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS—CLINGSTONE RYE

CLARKSBURG WINE & LIQUOR CO.,
221 South Third Street.

A Long Distance Marriage

By S. T. STERN

Copyright, 1904, by S. T. Stern

With most people the story ends after the heart interest has been properly adjusted. Thus: Proposal, acceptance, tableau, final.

In our case the situation reversed itself. I had suggested to Veryl, fervently, of course, that proper economy would sanction the practice of sending out her wedding invitations and my own in the same envelope. With the money saved thereby I agreed to purchase outright a ring—a gleaming, glistening affair—with a large single stone. To this day I do not know whether she said yes. I have a vague impression that she said nothing at all. Presently I found myself seated by her side holding her hand, which lends me to suspect that some manner of affirmation must have greeted my proposal. We were engaged. With that our story starts. Thus: Proposal, acceptance, tableau, chapter one.

For the next few moments neither of us spoke. We sat gazing into the open fire, quiet and deliciously happy. Think of it—Veryl was mine, my very own!

"Of what are you thinking, dear?" said I at length.

"I am thinking of our wedding, John. It will be splendid to be married in England."

"England?"

"Of course," she replied. "Don't you remember? Father is at Matlock, in Derbyshire. When I last left him he exacted from me a solemn promise that I should never be married during his lifetime unless in his presence. I know, dear, it means a long trip for both of us and the absence of a great many of your friends from the ceremony. But did his promise, and it must be kept. Why, John, you are staring at me as though I had committed a crime. Don't—don't look at me like that. Are you afraid of the ocean voyage?"

"Not that, Veryl. The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

"What a dreadful thing! The situation is worse—far worse. My mother is no longer young, and I am the last of my line."

With me it was otherwise. The story of our engagement was quite dimmed by the prospect of her departure for the other side. When she sailed on the 1st day of June my grief was almost insupportable. Mother has since assured me that for three entire days I ate not a morsel of food. My thoughts were with a certain ocean greyhound speeding over its Atlantic lane, and I read and reread nothing but storm reports and derelict statistics.

One Friday evening I found two rough trunks in our front hallway. The maid informed me that they were there by order of my mother. When she came down for dinner that evening I noted at once an air of suppressed excitement about her, but I asked no questions.

"Son," said she after we had seated ourselves, "I bought your wedding present today. See?"

I imagine my astonishment when she held out for my inspection package tickets for Southampton by next day's steamer.

"But, mother," I protested, "I cannot leave you. I intend to keep my promise. I know I am a selfish brute in acting as I have been doing, but I cannot help myself."

"Son," said my mother, "the Rodney is safe in every way. I have seen her captain, who is an old friend of your father, and he assures me his boat is perfectly seaworthy and that a trip at this season of the year is a mere pleasure jaunt. Yes, I am going with you. We sail tomorrow morning. Don't bug me like that! I go with you on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That our departure be kept a secret from Veryl. We must surprise her."

We had an uneventful trip. I remember very little of it. Some time during the second day we passed a lonely whale. He excited my sympathy at the time. Somehow, somewhere, we landed and took train for London. We rushed through London in a cab and found ourselves on another train. As near as I can remember we spent four months on that train, though mother says it was nearer five hours. Late that afternoon, she tells me, we reached Matlock. We climbed a long, steep hill and found ourselves in front of a very large and very gloomy hotel, bearing a gilt sign, "The Matlock Arms."

The next scene will abide with me to my dying day. A fat clerk stood in front of us and held out a long pen.

"Is Miss Veryl Preston at home?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Where is she?"

"She left for America last Thursday with the general, her father. She said something about being married over there and planning a surprise for her fiancé."

Yes, we were married, after all. Veryl called that she was coming back at once after I had called my own whereabouts. She insisted on being married in England. I insisted on New York. We compromised on New York.

Both Astonished.

A boy, apparently a newsboy, with papers under his arm, was standing at Eighth and Market streets when a man hurriedly approached, slipped a paper from under the youngster's elbow, tossed a coin at him and then boarded a passing car. Instead of appearing pleased at having made a sale the supposed newsboy uttered a yell and started up the street in pursuit of the car, bawling "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice. He caught the car at Ninth street and rushed inside. "Glimpse that!" he demanded, grabbing the paper away from the man who had taken it from him.

The boy swung off and walked away before the astonished passenger had recovered his self-possession. Then matters were reversed, for in his indignation the passenger alighted and started after the boy. The latter made no attempt to escape. "You young scoundrel!" exclaimed the excited passenger, collar in hand. "What do you mean by taking that paper away from me? I bought it!"

"Bought nothing!" said the boy defiantly. "I can't sell papers. You want an awful paper; that I put over the boss' pictures to keep 'em clean. Look here!" And he turned the pages back, revealing to the surprised citizen several nice engravings stowed in between the leaves. It developed that the boy worked in an art store and was on the way there with the prints when the hasty individual mistook him for a newsboy and ran off with about \$10 worth of art works.—Philadelphia Record.

A Cost For a Word